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### EVENING WORLD ADVERTISING.

During the first four months of this year The Evening World printed 3,810 1/4 columns of advertising, a gain of 1,424 1/4 columns over the corresponding period of last year. In that time its nearest competitor gained 753 columns.

This extraordinary increase of Evening World advertising represents both the accession of new advertisers and the more extensive use of its columns by old advertisers, who through a course of years have tested its value as a medium of publicity.

Advertising that pays grows; advertising that grows pays. The advertiser, while recognizing the axiomatic truth of these propositions, is apt to judge of the quality of advertising and to decide upon its best vehicle largely by results, not always caring to analyze causes but resting content with the main fact that it brings returns. But he does not fail to realize that character is as important as circulation in making the medium valuable to him.

And it is by sanity, cleanliness and intelligence in the presentation of the news as well as by enterprise that character is acquired.

**Mrs. Carlisle and Her Dying Horse.**—It must have been a very beautiful sight to see the wife of a former Secretary of the Treasury kneeling in Fifth Avenue with the head of her injured horse in her lap, soothing him and petting him as he was dying. It was a kindly deed of a sort that is all too rare. An affection for animals is a good trait in human beings; the love for a fine horse is endearing. Mrs. Carlisle was born where the horse is estimated at its par value. Would a native New York woman have been capable of her public exhibition of compassion? It is open to doubt.

### HUMBLE CHILDISH HEROISM.

Little Anna McLaughlin, saying as she was dying from agonizing burns: "It doesn't hurt much, Mickey. Don't tell mamma; she'll worry."

Little Augusta Kuehne, her leg crushed by a trolley car, saying: "Don't cry, mamma; I'm all right!"

Little Katie Whalen, burning to death, crying out to her younger sister, "Don't come to me, baby; run to mamma!"

Little Harriet Allen, pushing her playmate from in front of the trolley car by which she was to lose her own life a moment later;

Little Alexander Stewart, standing on the wagon pole of a contractor's cart and piloting the runaway team past children and saying afterward: "I just stopped that team because I had to;"

Little Joseph Dinard, saving his fellow cabin boy from being swept off the deck into the sea—

What a glorious record of childish heroism as related within one week in the newspapers of New York! The eldest of these heroes thirteen, the youngest five. Forgetting themselves, thinking when in the direst pain and at the approach of death only of the happiness of others, they rose to sublime heights of bravery. Their deeds make the reader proud of the race.

### A BUSTED GOLCONDA.

A patrol wagon clangs down Wall street, half a dozen Central Office men emerge and run up the steps into the sumptuously furnished offices of the British-African Finance Company and presto! a beautiful get-rich-quick bubble is pricked and roscate hopes of wealth are rudely dispelled. It is only an episode in a long history, but it is worth dwelling on for the profit of those contemplating with rapt gaze other iridescent bubbles not yet vanished into thin air.

Along with the prisoners a wagonload of "literature" was carted to Police Headquarters—prosperities alluringly phrased, setting forth eloquently the sure fortune awaiting the investor and promised him as a special favor, the promoters expressing their willingness to part with "a limited lot of shares" for a proper consideration. It is usually so, and it is this generosity to the "favored investor" that brings the best returns.

The names change, but the methods remain the same. One day it is West Virginia oil or Missouri lead, the next Arizona gold; this time the Golconda was further off, and all the more fascinating for the distance—the African diamond fields. The customary "limited amount" of stock was for sale at \$5 a share, and according to the company's books many persons had subscribed. The directorate contained high-sounding names of mythical "noblemen" and promoting appliances and devices of the recognized superior kind had been made use of. There were millions in it, but the rude hand of the law clutched it too soon.

### PUSH-CART "GRAFT" ENDED.

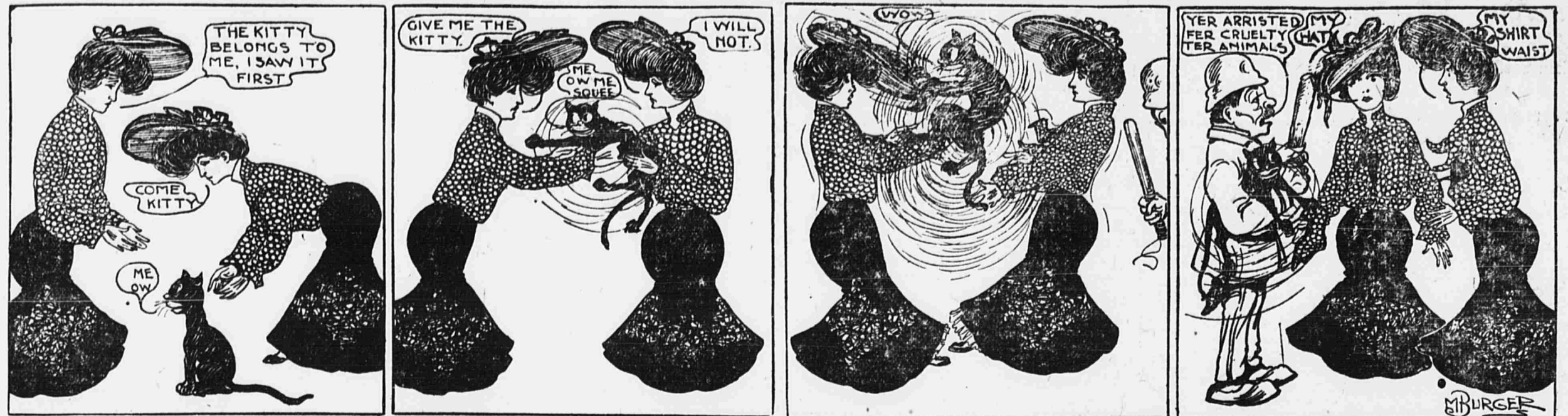
Highly instructive figures about pushcarts are furnished in a special report to the Mayor by an east-side settlement worker. It appears that while the number of push-cart licenses issued during the last year of Tammany rule was 2,120, under the Low government it has risen to 5,366. While the city received \$8,450 from push-cart licenses during the last year of Van Wyck, it received \$21,454 from the same source last year.

How is this extraordinary gain to be accounted for? Not on the theory of a multiplication of push-carts breaking all records, but by the simpler explanation that an end has been put to the payment of blackmail by push-cart men, who now deal direct with the Bureau of Licenses. Competent observers testify that the number of carts has not appreciably increased. The logical inference must be that the city's additional revenue of \$13,000 represents the "graft" collected from the wardman's tax in previous years on these humble forms of merchandising.

This proof of the abolition of blackmail is certainly a gratifying showing, with which the reform administration is to be credited. Incidental to the gain for good government thereby made is the moral lesson involved. Five thousand push-cart men, many of them newly adopted citizens, are informed officially that the city will not stand for bribery. This is an improvement on the lesson taught them by Tammany.

**Scholarship in Cookery.**—It has been maintained that there is an intimate connection between bad cooking and divorce, which being the case the endowment of a scholarship in cookery at the Teachers' College is to be regarded as of importance. The fund for the purpose, \$500, is provided by Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes. Is the winning of this scholarship likely to increase the matrimonial stability of the holders? The question is an important one.

## THE SCRAPPY SISTERS COME TO GRIEF OVER AN ACT OF KINDNESS.



### TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

**HETTY GREEN.** In moments of expansiveness, likes to recall bygone days. By her own showing she was, as a girl and while still Miss Robinson, the veritable "Belle of New York." She said recently:

"In those days, no gathering of young people was complete without Hetty Robinson."

"No," remarked a bystander, sotto voce, "and to-day no batch of law suits seems complete without Hetty Green."

Judge Giegerich folded his newspaper carefully and looked solemnly at the group. They were laughing heartily at a story one had told. "That was witty," he said, "but it was not nice, nor is it the true version of the story. A friend of mine was one of the principal characters. It happened this way: This friend of mine looks like J. Pierpont Morgan and he is so proud of the resemblance—nose and all—that he dresses far beyond his means. He lives east of Madison avenue, near Thirty-eight street, near Morgan's town house. One day he went into a small shop and bought some things. When he came to pay he found that the prices were extraordinary. He did not have money enough to pay the bill and said so. That's all right, sir," said the smiling shopkeeper, "when he had never seen before—that's all right, any other time will do? I'll send the change down. I said my friend and walked out. He got about half a block with his packages when he heard shouts, turned and saw the shopkeeper tearing after him. 'Here, you,' shouted the shopkeeper. 'Are you Pierpont Morgan?' 'Well—er—er—no,' said my friend. 'I never said I was Morgan.' 'Well, I thought you was and I charged you two and a half for that stuff. If you've got one-third you can take it. If you haven't I'll take it back.' My friend had \$1.35 and got his groceries."

The waiter was excessively modest; his diffidence attracted the attention of the gentlemen whom he was serving. One of the party joshed him until the waiter grew indignant and tried to reply, but he stuttered so badly he could not get the forcible words out.

"He isn't shy," said President Swannstrom, of Kings. "It's the defeat of speech that makes him silent."

"That reminds me of a stuttering story told out in Chicago," said President Cantor. "All men who are afflicted that way are at least, and one, a member of a Chicago club, objected violently to jokes based on his infirmity. One member bet that he could tell a stuttering story that the stuttering man would enjoy. And this is what he told: 'Man up before the Judge charged with being drunk, disorderly, resisting an officer and other heinous crimes. 'What have you to say?' the Judge asked the prisoner. 'Um-um-umph,' said the prisoner. 'I don't understand,' said the Judge. 'Um-um-umph,' said the prisoner. 'Officer,' said the Judge, 'what's the matter with this man?' 'I dun know, yer anner, but I think he's full er sody waster.'"

Even the waiter laughed.

### LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

**"Not Yet" Is Preferable.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is "not yet" preferable to "not as yet?"  
R. P.

**No. 220 Fourth Avenue.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What is the address of the Department of Buildings?  
A. C. R.

**Yes, By Beating Fitzsimmons.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is James J. Jeffries champion of the world? How did he win the title?  
A. R.

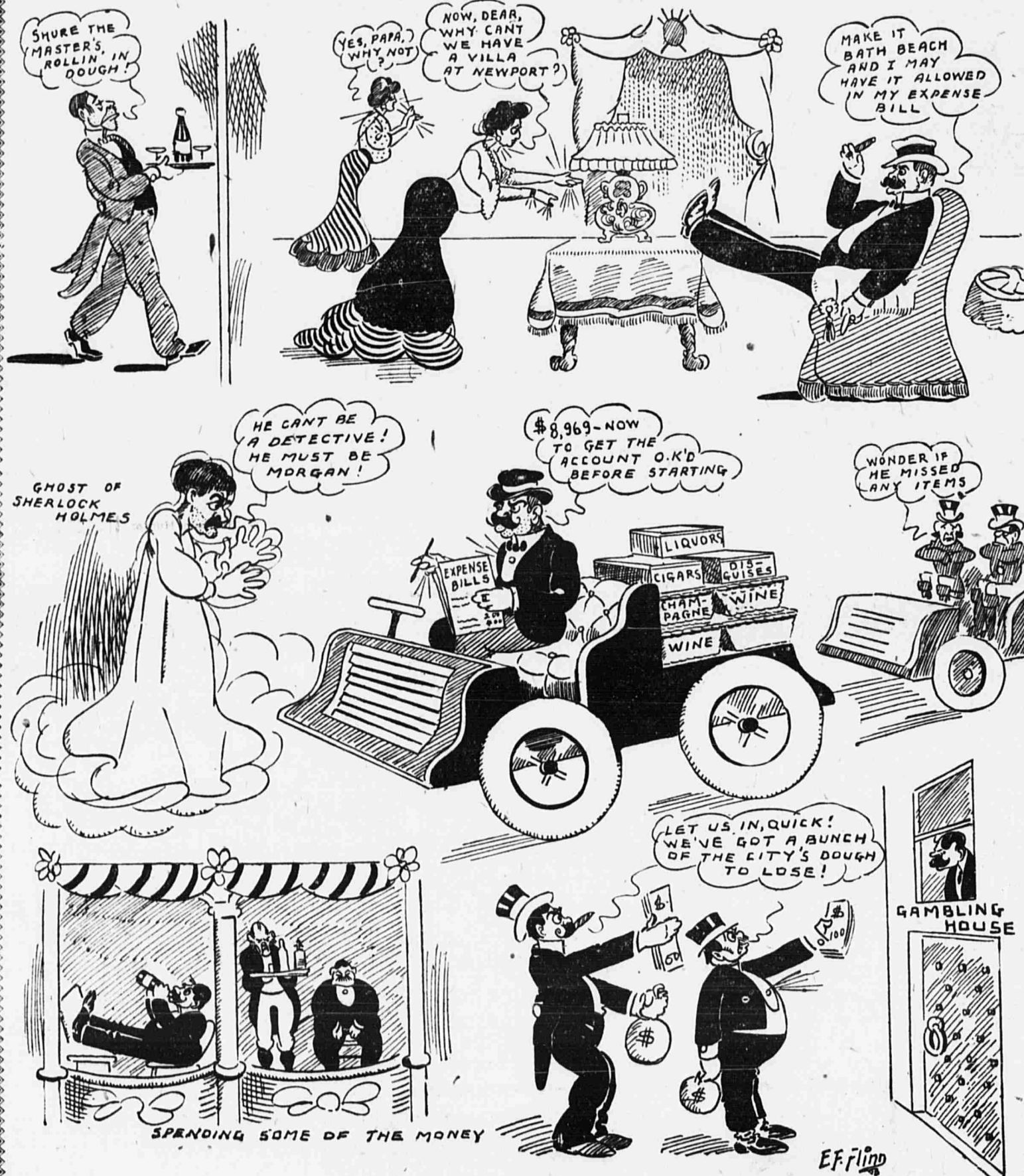
**No Gold in Them, No Premium on Them.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is it true that 192 pennies have gold in them, and that the mint put the gold in by mistake? If such is the case is the treasury giving more than their value if returned? HENRY A. REBELSKI.

**Wants Remedy for Stuttering.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please give me a remedy for stuttering.  
S. C.

Many persons have been cured of stuttering by will power. Speak slowly, avoiding nervousness and haste in speech, thinking out each word before uttering it. Stuttering is often a nervous affection and is cured by building up the general health.

**Fire-Engine Has Right of Way.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Which has right of way in the city of New York, a fire-engine or a mail-wagon?  
WILLIAM SMITH.

### GOHAM'S MILLIONAIRE DETECTIVE OF TO-DAY.



Grout has received (and held up) a bill for nearly \$3,000, which represents the "expense allowance" of anti-gambling detectives.

'Tis a forecast sad but truthful that the law's upholders sleuthful  
Lately squandered ready cash enough to run a Newport mansion.  
If Jerome henceforth allows and backs "expense bills" for three-thousand  
Trusts may be cheap as dirt compared to sleuths' bank-book expansion.

## HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### A TRICK OF COMPLEMENTARY COLORS.

Upon a sheet of paper draw two rectangles. Color one red and one green. Make two large dots as indicated in the cut (C). Then against the line marked A hold a rectangular plate about as thick as a playing card and from ten to twelve inches in height, and placing its upper end between your eyes fix your gaze on the paper. You will soon see the two dots approaching each other, finally blending, while the red rectangle will gradually disappear, being little by little absorbed by the green rectangle.

This curious optical experiment is based on complementary colors. It is well known that white is composed of red, yellow and blue, so that either one of these three if mixed with the other two will form white. Thus green is the complement of red—that is to say, green and red will form white since green is produced by the union of blue and yellow; blue is the complement of orange (composed of red and yellow), and violet is the complement of yellow (composed of red and blue). You can make the same experiment, employing other complementary colors.

### NOVELTIES FOR A FAIR.

Key and button-hook rack—First you must glid a ball and then around the tacked, at regular intervals, insert small brass hooks. A yellow ribbon and bow make the top with small tacks. This will serve to suspend it by, and this completes the rack. With the gilt left from gliding the ball and a piece of bright ribbon you can make a paper-weight of six large nails. Gilt each nail separately, let them dry and then tie them securely together with a piece of ribbon.

Rag balls—Prepare a number of carpet rag balls with a small gift in the centre of each one. These sell rapidly, and it is very amusing to see the buyers unwinding their balls to discover the contents, which may prove to be a thimble, a bundle of jackstraws, a Japanese toy or any little comical conceit.

### TELEGRAM GAME.

Ask the guests to give the initials out of which the message is to be composed. Ten words is the right telegram. Then allow ten minutes in which to write.

Suppose, for instance, the initials were L O B S O M P I H. This message could be made from them: "Lillian, come before Sunday, or send Maurice; Paul is here."

If another set of letters was C T M M W B H N B S, one telegram could read: "Come Thanksgiving morning; mother will be here. Now, be sure."

## Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

**THERE ARE OTHERS.**  
"Haven't you any smoke consumers in this town?" asked the stranger, wiping a chunk of soot out of his eye.  
"Yes, sir," coughed the native. "There are about two million of us."—Chicago Tribune.

**BETTER THUS.**  
"Don't you think," asked the anxious young playwright after the first performance, "that I might have improved it by putting it in three instead of four acts?"  
"Well, no," the critic replied. "I hardly think so. The curtain wouldn't be down as much in that case as it is now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**WISE FATHER.**  
"Thought your dad wasn't going to send you back to college?"  
"Yes, dad, but kick on the expense, but I threatened to stay at home and help run the business, and he decided college would be cheaper."—Detroit Free Press.

**INJUDICIOUS INTELLECTUALITY.**  
Victoria—Our club papers are too long. Virginia—I think so; twice now I have had to go home before refreshments. —Detroit Free Press.

### WHY BOTHGATES REFORMED.

Straight Tips by an Elevated Railway Guard.

**B**OTHGATES has been employed on the "L" for many years. He has the distinction of answering questions simply and understandingly. I told him he was a model.

"Twenty years ought to put a man on," he said. "The boys on the trains don't mean to be rough; they have a lot of food questions to answer, and they know it does no good to get mad. So after they get settled in their jobs they get a way of answering that seems rough and impolite. They think they are giving the information in a business-like way. 'Trouble is they don't size up people. Man says to me 'Sixty' or 'Hahlem?' I know he's a regular, and all he wants is 'Yep' or 'Naw.' If he says 'Where does this train go?' I know he's a stranger, and I lengthen it out for him. If I've got time I ask where he wants to go and give him a steer, but not if he's got whiskers, for them fellows want to tell you all about some jay town they come from where they don't have any 'L.'"

"Used to be pretty rough myself. Man standing on station platform would say to me: 'Is this a Hahlem train?' I'd say: 'Can't you read?' and slam the gates. One day dark fellow, who didn't look much over \$5 a month, gets on at Rector. 'Beg pardon, guard,' he says, 'but this is a Hahlem train, is it not?' I give him a look over and I says: 'You're very much obliged, sir, but I believe that the letters on the sign out front spell Hahlem.' Of course, that man was George Gould, and I went over to Brooklyn for a year. But that didn't cure me thorough. It was a trip to Boston that did it."

"Travelled a million miles between One Hundred and Fifty-ninth and the Battery, back and forward so often, I know every brick, window shade and girl on the route so well they can't paint, patch or alter anything that I won't know it. About two years ago I had to go to Boston to see an uncle. Never been off Manhattan since I was a boy, and then only over to Long Island City to a funeral and to Coney two or three times. Couldn't believe there was 'ole cities away from New York. All the way to Boston I looked out of the car window and wondered what so many people wanted to live away from New York for."

"Get to Boston, and in five minutes I know I'm a jay who don't know his way around. Looking for Corn Hill, and I says to a policeman: 'Where's Corn Hill?' 'Off Scolay square,' he says. 'Where in — is Scolay square?' I says. He looks me over quiet. 'It ain't in —,' he says, 'it's in Boston.'"

"I got it like that right and left, and just had to figure my own way, and ever since I've had an easy smile and a straight tip for every stranger who asks me."

### A CHILD WRITER OF STORIES.

Probably the youngest magazine writer in the country is Hilma B. Morris of Michigan City, Ind., fourteen years old, who is a recognized contributor to Eastern magazines, and has won several prizes for her work. Her first attempt was made in St. Nicholas, where she won the silver badge for the best contribution to the League, a poem entitled "When School Is Done." She next wrote "What Martha Learned at School," a short story which appeared in St. Nicholas last February, and later published an opera, entitled "When Christmas Comes," was published in the December number of the same magazine.

Little Miss Morris is the daughter of H. B. Morris, of Michigan City, and has had literary leanings ever since she began going to school. She is now a promising pupil in the high school.

### ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



Children! See, on our Pedestal  
The Honest Jokesmith stands;  
The gladsome humorist, Dewey,  
Who dresses up in costumes new  
The jests that made Rameses blue,  
And lures the after-dinner crew  
To lavish the glad hand.